To the Memorie of the much Honoured,
And much Lamented

THOMAS ROBERTSON

BAILIE and BUILDER of *EDINBURGH*;

Who Departed this Life; *September* 22. 1686.

A Funeral ELEGIE.

THis World's a boiling Gulf of Griefs and Fears,
Where We have ſtill occaſion of new Tears;
Still ſomething that moleſts us, whence we know
Heaven cannot be poſſeſſed here below.
What Heart? but that of Adamant, can hear,
Not making Eyes, pay Tribute to his Ear;
That THOMAS ROBERTSON is dead! a Fate,
Which ſounds juſt like the downfall of a State;
Or ſome great Monarch; who with awful Hand
Did ſway a Scepter, both o're Sea and Land.
Who was a Father unto all in need,
On whom Ten Thouſand did depend for Bread.
[illegible]
With all the Lights that twinckles in the Skie;
So that our Fancie is oppreſt with Glorie,
That fill'd our Eyes with Wonder, Tongues with Storie.
He did attain to *Fortunatus* Purſe,
And *Amalthea's* Horn, without a curſe.
Yea when his Proſperous Spring-tides did prevail,
His Barge was never burdened with ſail:
Such unambitious Looks he did advance,
As could have put Pride out of countenance.
And with the Product of his Heavenly Stock,
He ſuccour'd all on wheel of Fortune brokt.
And did imploy in Building Thouſand Hands,
Such Monuments, as to Amazment ſtands;
Where Beauty mixt with Strength, doth ſo comply
To ſerve at once the Viewers Uſe, and Eye:
Like wiſe *Seths* Pillars, which have ſolid ſtood
From Age to Age, ſpite of a threatning Flood.
That to the Worlds laſt end there ſhall be known
No Builder like to THOMAS ROBERTSON;
Whoſe glorious Character for ever is;
He turned Dung-hills into Palaces.
With all that Coſt and Cunning Beautified,
That adds to State, and nothing wants but Pride.
All which within the Skies their heads do ſhroud,
As they would eaſe great *Atlas* of his load.
But this was not our *Hero's* chief Renown;
That he Inrich'd and Beautified the Town.

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Nay more within his Glorious building falls,
For he erected Men, as well as Walls;
And like a *Solon* when a Magiſtrate,
By Law and Building both preſerv'd our State.
And with a Sumptuous, Free Magnificence,
Made Donatives both to the State and Prince.
So that ſome Learned *Bard* to come ſhall ſing,
He was a Subject could oblidge a King.
Nay he oblidg'd the Age, who left behind
Live Characters of his Heroick Mind,
Six Generous Models of himſelf whoſe Name
[illegible]
He with his Lovelie Mate from the firſt Start
Of *Hymens* bond, ran Heart ſtill yeak'd in Heart.
Inflam'd alike with that Soul-Melting Fire,
That their two Souls joined ſtill in one Deſire;
Their houſe a Temple was where Prayer and Praiſe,
Did Bleſſe their nights, and ſanctifie their Dayes
Which Prayers, and Alms unto Eternitie
With GOD, and Man embalms his Memorie;
Since like old *Enoch*, he to Bleſſe is gone,
I'ts not his Death, but his Tranſlation.
Why then ſhould we accompt his Gain our Loſſe?
Heavens hath the Gold, the Earth contains his Droſſe.

Non domus ſed hoſpitium corpus eſt, brevem omnino moram ſi cum Æternitate compararetur trahimus. Quod ſi domeſticæ calamitatis vulnere afflicti, imis ſenſibus reponant, dolorem leniet.
Crucius.

Intervallis diſtinguimur, exitu æquamur. Seneca.

Vitæ ſumma brevis ſpem nos vetat
inchoare longam.
Hora fugit, rapido volvuntur tempora lapſu;
Singulus accelerat Fata ſuprema dies:
Vitæ damna brevis, decus immortale rependit;
Effugit ardentes poſthuma fama Rogos.
N: Paterſon.

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